Sig. Poetry in b 77.

ET TU BRUTE?

OR, THE

M[ibre]'d C[aba]l.

THE

Mitro'd Caba l.

TO give the laſt Amendments to the Bill,
That to the Saints portended ſo much Ill,
To Curb the Commons, and their Ends defeat,
Right Reverend Twelve laſt Night at *L*—— met,
Tho' much of Lawn did round the Room appear,
Yet none but Modern Men of God were there,
Nor had been Mitro'd more than Thirteen Year.
The Tea remov'd, the Grave Aſſembly ſate,
The Buſineſs of the Day fell in Debate;
This way and that their various Cenſures bend,
And ſome would paſs the Bill, but more wou'd mend.

At length with uſual Vehemence aloud,
A Brawny Biſhop thus Harangu'd the Crowd.

Bp of Saliſbury.

Far off from us let Perſecution Reign,
Slav'ry in *France* and Bigottry in *Spain*.
The beſt of Kings the beſt of Gifts beſtow'd,
And Toleration, by a Law, allow'd,
And bid us go to Heav'n, which Way we wou'd.
Muſt Moderate Men from Top Preferment fall,
Becauſe they can't with us agree in all?
We may Eſteem the Ore, yet drive the Droſs,
May be good Church Men, yet contemn the Croſs;
May hate Cathedral Hymns, yet *Hopkins* ſing,
And Propagate without the Pagan Ring;
It needs muſt give weak Conſciences Offence,
Rogues can't be ſo without a vaſt Expence.
The Sacramental Teſt caus'd no Debates,
That, but their Souls, this, touches their Eſtates.

Shou'd

Shou'd this unchriſtian bitter Bill ſucceed,
'Twou'd be a Rod to Hypocrites indeed.
Away with't then, 'tis one of *Bonner*'s Bills,
Im not for Saving Men againſt their Wills.

He ſaid, and all by Kind conſenting Nod,
The Reformation Writer's Thoughts applaud.

Dr Burnet

When ſtreight a moſt melodious Sound was heard,
And lo in White, a Rev'rend Form appear'd,
A Croſs, his Hand, a Mitre grac'd his Head,
Whiles round the Room *Ambroſian* Odours ſpread.
Thus to them all the Sacred Shadow ſaid.

Since Time at length turns up the happy Hour,
And Providence hath put it in your Power
To Coat the Flocks, and Fence from out your Fold
The Proling Wolf, will you your Hands with-hold?
Shall it (forbid it *Heav'n*) be ever ſaid,
That this pure Church, for which our Martyr bled,

And

And for which too, I ſacrifis'd my *Head*
Should be by'ts Biſhaps, into Bondage led.
Think ſuch a Time will hardly come again,
Seldom ſuch Commons, never ſuch a Queen.
Your Churches Fate you falſly fear from *Rome*;
Scotland Out of the *North* it will more likely come.
K. W. One Faith's Defender having hurt her more,
Than all the Kings that ever Reign'd before.
Make then your legal Dam 'gainſt Schiſm ſo high,
No Spring-Tide of Succeſſion may deſtroy.

He ceas'd, and then a Cloud refulgent Bright
Bore up the Saint to Beams of laſting Light.
Fear and juſt Conviction fell on all,
And *Samuel's* Truths with trembling ſtruck each *Saul*;
Shame and Confuſion ſate on every Face,
And even *Saxum* felt ſome Shock of Grace.
The Heav'nly Viſion quite had chang'd their Will,
And all without th' Amendments now would paſs the
(Bill.

When

When Strange!

After an Earthquake, and a Flash of Flame,
Into the Room a Meagre Phantom came;
His bending Back a Purple Robe hung o're,
And in his Hand the Regal Ensign bore.
Struck with Surprise, each Reverence arose,
Their Homage paid, and Recogniz'd his Nose.
When casting on them all a direful Look,
With Indignation, thus, the Spectre spoke:

False to your Faith and your Creator too,
To be to what's against your Interest, true.
Have I been lab'ring Thirteen Years and more,
That to destroy, which you would now restore.
Was it for this I call'd you from the Crowd,
And made you All Right Reverend in God,
Did I not thro' the Surplice see the Saint,
Churchmen in View, but *Calvins* in your Cant,

Forc'd

Forc'd you the Chair Ecclesiastical to fill,
And Mitred you almost against your Will.
And will you thus at last Apostatize?
Think better on't, my former Friends, be Wise.
Is this a Reign wherein you e're can rise?
Can *Worcester* tell with his Prophetick Vein,
When e're he'll be L*ord* Almoner again.
Do *Glocester*, *Bristol*, or St. *Asaph* know
The happy time when they will not be so.
Off with the Mask; then boldly now appear
The very Men the World once thought you were.
Thus said——
The Shapeless Air the Royal Bubble broke,
And the thin Form the wondring Eyes forsook.

FINIS.